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Review of New Books.

An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay. From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, Eighteen Years a Missionary in that Country. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1300. London, 1822.

FEW works of the present season will be read with greater interest, or afford more pleasure, than the plain, inartificial, modest, and faithful narrative of Dobrizhoffer; who, in his account of the Abipones, has displayed the talents of the historian, the philosopher, and the man of science. While he has suffered nothing worthy of notice to escape, he has dwelt only on those subjects which were of importance; and his work, by making us acquainted with a people of whom we know comparatively little, and by describing an extensive country, always rising into interesting and now greater importance, has added a chapter to the history of mankind, and has made a valuable contribution to the geography of the New World.

The author, Martin Dobrizhoffer, was born at Gratz, in Styria, on the 7th of September, 1717. In the year 1736, he entered the order of the Jesuits; and in 1749, went as a missionary to South America, where, for eighteen years, he discharged the duties of his office; first, in the Guarany Reductions, latterly, in a more painful and arduous mission among the Abipones, a tribe not yet reclaimed from the superstitions and manners of savage life. Upon the expulsion of the Jesuits from South America, where they had reigned with undisturbed, spiritual, and temporal power for upwards of two centuries, Dobrizhoffer returned to his native country, and continued to reside at Vienna till his death, in 1791.

It was in 1784 that Dobrizhoffer published his *Historia de Abiponibus, Equestri, Bellicosaque Paraguarie Natione, &c.* His object in writing it he thus states:—'In America, I was often interrogated respecting Europe;

in Austria, on my return to it, after an absence of eighteen years, I have been frequently questioned concerning America. To relieve others from the trouble of inquiring, myself from that of answering inquiries, at the advice of some persons of distinction, I have applied myself to writing this little history.'

A German translation of this work, by Professor Kreil, was published at Vienna, the same year as the original. This faithful and lively account of the South American tribes now first appears in an English dress. It is said to be translated by Mr. Southey, whose intimate knowledge of South American history has been seen in his valuable and interesting work on Brazil.

The first volume is devoted to Paraguay generally, which we perhaps scarcely need to remind our readers, is a vast region of South America, extending seven hundred leagues from Brazil to the kingdoms of Peru and Chili, and from the mouth of the river La Plata to the northern region of the Amazons, one thousand one hundred leagues. In order to come at once to the more immediate subject of the work, we shall reserve the first volume for the last notice.

The Abipones inhabit the province of Chaco, the centre of all Paraguay; they have no fixed abodes nor any boundaries, except what fear of their neighbours has established. They roam extensively in every direction, whenever the opportunity of attacking their enemies or the necessity of avoiding them renders a journey advisable. The northern shore of the Rio Grande or Bermego was their native land in the seventeenth century; then they removed to avoid the war carried on against Chaco by the Spaniards of Salta, at the commencement of the last century, and migrating towards the south, took possession of a valley formerly held by the Calchaquis; this territory, which is about two hundred leagues in extent, they at present occupy. Dobrizhoffer is of opinion, that the Americans originally came, step by

step, from the most northern parts of Europe; and says, he has observed some resemblance in the manners and customs of the Abipones to the Laplanders and people of Nova Zembla; he adds, that the Abipones have a 'magnetical attraction to the north, as if they inclined towards their native soil.' Our author, after noticing various conjectures as to the European, Asiatic, or African origin of the Americans, observes, with great *naiveté*, 'although I dare not affirm positively whence the Abipones formerly came, I will, at any rate, tell you where they now inhabit.' The wandering disposition of the Abipones has already been noticed; our author says, 'they imitate skillful chess players. After committing slaughter in the southern colonies of the Spaniards, they retire far northwards, afflict the city of Assumption with murders and rapine, and then hurry back again to the south.'

The Abipones are well formed and have handsome faces, much like those of Europeans, except in point of colour, which, though not entirely white, has none of the blackness of Negroes and Mulattoes; the women, when they ride out in the country, shield the face from the sun's rays with an umbrella, and are, in consequence, generally fairer than the men. Their eyes are small, but black and piercing, being able clearly to distinguish such minute or distant objects as would escape the eye of the most quick-sighted European. In symmetry of shape the Abipones yield to no other nation of America; and a hundred deformities and blemishes common among Europeans are foreign to them. The Abipones, like all the American Indians, are destitute of beard:

'I do not deny that a kind of down grows on the chins of the Americans, just as in sandy sterile fields, a straggling ear of corn is seen here and there; but even this they pull up by the roots whenever it grows. The office of barber is performed by an old woman, who sits on the ground by the fire, takes the head of the Abipon into her lap, sprinkles and rubs his face plentifully with hot ashes, which serve instead of soap, and then, with a

pair of elastic horn tweezers, carefully plucks up all the hairs; which operation the savages declare to be devoid of pain, and, that I might give the more credit to his words, one of them, applying a forceps to my chin, wanted to give me palpable demonstration of the truth. It was with difficulty that I extricated myself from the hands of the unlucky shaver, choosing rather to believe than groan.'

'All the Abipones have thick raven-black locks: a child born with red or flaxen hair would be looked upon as a monster amongst them. The manner of dressing the hair differs in different nations, times, and conditions. The Abipones, previously to their entering colonies, shaved their hair like monks, leaving nothing but a circle of hair round the head. But the women of the Mbaya nation, after shaving the rest of their heads, leave some hairs untouched, to grow like the crest of a helmet, from the forehead to the crown. As the savages have neither razors nor scissors, they use a shell sharpened against a stone, or the jaws of the fish palometa, for the purpose of shaving. Most of the Abipones in our colonies let their hair grow long, and twist it into a rope like European soldiers. The same fashion was adopted by the women, but with this difference, that they tie the braid of hair with a little piece of white cotton, as our countrymen do with black.'

'As soon as they wake in the morning, the Abiponian women, sitting on the ground, dress, twist, and tie their husbands' hair. A bundle of boar's bristles or of hairs out of a tamandua's tail, serves them for a comb. You very seldom see an Indian with natural, never with artificial curling hair. They do not grow grey till very late, and then not unless they are decrepid; very few of them get bald. It is worth while to mention a ridiculous custom of the Abipones, Mocobios, Tobas, &c. all of whom, without distinction of age or sex, pluck up the hair from the forehead to the crown of the head, so that the fore part of the head is bald almost for the space of two inches: this baldness they call *nalemra*, and account a religious mark of their nation. New-born infants have the hair of the fore part of their head cut off by a male or female juggler, these knaves performing the offices both of physicians and priests amongst them. This custom seems to me to have been derived from the Peruvian Indians, who used to cut their children's first hair, at two years of age, with a sharp stone for want of a knife. The ceremony was performed by the relations, one after another, according to the degrees of consanguinity; and, at the same time, a name was given to the infant.'

The Abipones disfigure and render themselves terrible to the sight, by marking their faces in various ways, according to the old customs of their ancestors. They prick their skin with a sharp thorn, and scatter fresh ashes

on the wound, which infuse an ineffaceable black dye; and it is singular that they all wore the form of a cross impressed on their foreheads before they ever heard of the name of christianity:

'Abiponian women, not content with the marks common to both sexes, have their face, breast, and arms, covered with black figures of various shapes, so that they present the appearance of a Turkish carpet. The higher their rank, and the greater their beauty, the more figures they have; but this savage ornament is purchased with much blood and many groans. As soon as a young woman is of age to be married, she is ordered to be marked according to custom. She reclines her head upon the lap of an old woman, and is pricked in order to be beautified. Thorns are used for a pencil, and ashes mixed with blood for paint. The ingenious but cruel old woman, sticking the points of the thorns deep into the flesh, describes various figures till the whole face streams with blood. If the wretched girl does but groan or draw her face away, she is loaded with reproaches, taunts, and abuse. "No more of such cowardice," exclaims the old woman in a rage, "you are a disgrace to our nation, since a little tickling with thorns is so intolerable to you! Do you not know that you are descended from those who glory and delight in wounds? For shame of yourself, you faint-hearted creature! You seem to be softer than cotton. You will die single, be assured. Which of our heroes would think so cowardly a girl worthy to be his wife? But if you will only be quiet and tractable, I'll make you more beautiful than beauty itself." Terrified by these vociferations, and fearful of becoming the jest and derision of her companions, the girl does not utter a word, but conceals the sense of pain in silence, and with a cheerful countenance, and lips unclosed through dread of reproach, endures the torture of the thorns, which is not finished in one day. The first day she is sent home with her face half pricked with the thorns, and is recalled the next, the next after that, and perhaps oftener, to have the rest of her face, her breast, and arms, pricked in like manner. Meantime she is shut up for several days in her father's tent, and wrapped in a hide that she may receive no injury from the cold air. Carefully abstaining from meat, fishes, and some other sorts of food, she feeds upon nothing but a little fruit which grows upon brambles, and, though frequently known to produce ague, conduces much towards cooling the blood.

'The long fast, together with the daily effusion of blood, renders the young girls extremely pale. The chin is not dotted like the other parts, but pierced with one stroke of the thorn in straight lines, upon which musical characters might be written.'

The Indians of Brazil and Paraguay formerly delighted in human flesh:—

'Many of them, after having been long accustomed to Christian discipline in our towns, sometimes confessed that the flesh of kine or of any wild animal tastes extremely flat and insipid to them, in comparison with that of men. We have known the Mocobios and Tobas, for want of other food, eat human flesh even at this day. Some hundreds of the last-mentioned savages fell suddenly upon Alaykin, cacique of the Abipones, about day-break, as he was drinking in a distant plain with a troop of his followers. An obstinate combat was carried on for some time, at the end of which the wounded Abipones escaped by flight. Alaykin himself and six of his fellow-soldiers fell in the engagement, and were afterwards roasted and devoured by the hungry victors. An Abiponian boy, of twelve years old, who used to eat at our table, was killed at the same time by these savages, and added to the repast, being eaten with the rest; but an old Abiponian woman, who had been slain there with many wounds, they left on the field untouched, her flesh being too tough to be used. Now let me speak a little of the adorning, or, more properly, torturing of the ears.

'The use of ear-rings, which is very ancient, and varies amongst various nations, is highly ridiculous amongst the Americans. The ears of very young children of both sexes are always perforated. Few of the men wear ear-rings, but some of the older ones insert a small piece of cow's horn, wood, or bone, a woollen thread of various colours, or a little knot of horn into their ears. Almost all the married women have ear-rings, made in the following manner:—They twist a very long palm leaf two inches wide into a spire, like a bundle of silk thread, and wider in circumference than the larger wafer which we use in sacrifice. This roll is gradually pushed farther and farther into the hole of the ear; by which means, in the course of years, the skin of the ear is so much stretched, and the hole so much enlarged, that it folds very tightly round the whole of that palm leaf spire, and flows almost down to the shoulders.'

The Abipones are very strong, active, and hardy; they swim across vast rivers in cold rainy weather without injury. 'Stretched on a cold turf, should a sudden shower descend, they pass the night swimming in water.' Among their amusements are horse races for a sword, and the following, which they play on foot:—

'The instrument with which it is performed is a piece of wood about two hands long, rounded like a staff, thicker at the extremities and slenderer in the middle. This piece of wood they throw to the mark, with a great effort, in such a manner that it strikes the ground every now and then, and rebounds, like the stones which boys throw along the surface of a river. Fifty and often a hundred men stand in a row and throw this piece of

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wood by turns, and he who flings it the farthest and the straightest obtains the sword.

'This game, which, from boys, they are accustomed to play at for hours together, amuses and fatigues them with wonderful benefit to their health. The same piece of wood, which serves both as an instrument of peace and war, is made formidable use of by many of the savages to crush the bodies of their enemies and of wild beasts.'

The Abipones, like most of the Indian tribes, excel in the imitative arts, are soon taught, and have good memories; as an instance of this,—

'It was an old custom in the Guarany Reductions, to make the chief Indian of the town or one of the magistrates repeat the sermon just delivered from the pulpit before the people in the street, or in the court yard of our house; and they almost all did it with the utmost fidelity.

Of the forms of government among the Abipones, we are told:—

'Amongst the Guaranies, who have embraced the christian religion, in various colonies, the name and office of cacique is hereditary. When a cacique dies, his eldest son succeeds without dispute, whatever his talents or disposition may be. Amongst the Abipones, too, the eldest son succeeds, but only provided that he be of a good character, of a noble and warlike disposition, in short, fit for the office; for if he be indolent, ill-natured, and foolish in his conduct, he is set aside, and another substituted, who is not related to the former by any tie of blood. But to say the truth, the cacique elected by the Abipones has no cause for pride, nor he that is rejected for grief and envy. The name of cacique is certainly a high title amongst the Abipones, but it is more a burden than an honour, and often brings with it greater danger than profit. For they neither revere their cacique as a master, nor pay him tribute or attendance as is usual with other nations. They invest him neither with the authority of a judge, an arbitrator, or an avenger. Drunken men frequently kill one another; women quarrel, and often imbrue their hands in one another's blood; young men fond of glory or booty, rob the Spaniards, to whom they had promised peace, of whole droves of horses, and sometimes secretly slay them: and the cacique, though aware of all these things, dares not say a word. If he were but to rebuke them for these transgressions, which are reckoned amongst the merits, virtues, and victories of the savages, with a single harsh word, he would be punished in the next drinking-party with the fists of the intoxicated savages, and publicly loaded with insults, as a friend to the Spaniards, and a greater lover of ease than of his people. How often have Ychamenraikin, chief cacique of the Riikahes, and Naré, of the Yaaucanigas, experienced this! How often have they returned from a drinking

party with swelled eyes, bruised hands, pale cheeks, and faces exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow!

'But although the Abipones neither fear their cacique as a judge nor honour him as a master, yet his fellow-soldiers follow him as a leader and governor of the war, whenever the enemy is to be attacked or repelled. Some, however, refuse to follow him, for what Caesar said of the German chiefs is applicable to the Abiponau cacique: *Authoritati suadendi magis, quam jubendi potestate audietur*. As soon as a report is spread of the danger of an hostile attack, the business of the cacique is to provide for the security of his people; to increase the store of weapons; to order the horses to be fetched from the distant pastures to safer places; to send out watchers by night, and scouts in every direction, to procure supplies from the neighbours, and to gain their alliance. When the enemy is to be attacked he rides before his men, and occupies the front of the army he has raised, less solicitous about the numbers of the enemy, than the firmness of his troops: for as with birds, when one is shot, the rest fly away, in like manner the Abipones, alarmed at the deaths or wounds of a few of their fellow-soldiers, desert their leader, and escape on swift horses, wherever room for flight is afforded them, more anxious about their own safety than about obtaining a victory. Yet it must be acknowledged that this nation never wants its heroes. Many remain intrepid whilst their companions fall around them, and though pierced with wounds and streaming with blood, retain even in death the station where they fought. Desire of glory, ferocious study of revenge, or despair of escape, inspires the naturally fearful with courage, which a Lacedemonian would admire, and which Europe desires to see in her warriors.'

The Abipones are an equestrian people; both men and women travel on horses, which are swift and numerous:

'The bit which they use is composed of a cow's horn fastened on each side to four little pieces of wood placed transversely, and to a double thong which supplies the place of a bridle. Some use iron bits, of which they are very proud. The major part have saddles like English ones, of a raw bull's hide stuffed with reeds. Stirrups are not in general use. The men leap on to their horse on their right side. With the right hand they grasp the bridle, with the left a very long spear, leaning upon which they jump up with the impulse of both feet, and then fall right upon the horse's back. The same expedition in dismounting, which would excite the admiration of a European, is very useful to them in skirmishes. They use no spurs even at this day. For a whip, they make use of four stripes of a bull's hide twisted together, with which they stimulate new or refractory horses to the course, not by the pain, but by the fear excited by the cracking of the whip;

the saddles used by the women are the same as those of the men, except that the former, more studious of external elegance, have theirs made of the skin of a white cow. When an Abiponian woman wants to mount her horse, she throws herself up to the middle upon its neck, like men in Europe, and then separating her feet on both sides, places herself in the saddle, which has no cushion; nor does the hardness of it offend her in journeys of many days; from which you may perceive that the skin of the Abipones is harder than leather, being rendered callous by their constantly riding without a cushion. Indians who ride much and long without saddles, frequently hurt and wound the horse's back, without receiving any injury themselves. I will now describe their manner of travelling when they remove from one place to another. The wife, besides her husband's bow and quiver, carries all the domestic furniture, all the pots, gourds, jugs, shells, balls of woollen and linen thread, weaving instruments, &c. These things are contained in boar-skin bags, suspended here and there from the saddle; where she also places the whelps, and her young infant if she have one. Besides these things, she suspends from the sides of the saddle a large mat, with two poles, to fix a tent wherever they like, and a bull's hide to serve for a boat in crossing rivers. No woman will set out on a journey without a stake like a palm branch, broad at each side and slender in the middle, made of very hard wood, and about two ellis long, which serves admirably for digging eatable roots, knocking down fruit from trees, and dry boughs for lighting a fire, and even for breaking the heads and arms of enemies, if they meet any by the way. With this luggage, which you would think a camel could hardly carry, are the women's horses loaded in every journey. But this is not all. You often see two or three women or girls seated on one horse: not from any scarcity of beasts, all having plenty, but because they are sworn enemies to solitude and silence. As few horses will bear more than one rider, unless accustomed to it, they immediately throw the female trio, but generally without doing them any injury, except that these amazons, when seen sprawling like snails upon the ground, excite the mirth of the spectators, and amidst mutual laughter, try to scramble again to the rustic steed, as often as they are thrown off.

'The company of women is attended by a vast number of dogs. As soon as they are mounted, they all look round, and if one be missing out of the many which they keep, begin to call him with their usual *nè, nè, nè*, repeated as loud as possible a hundred times, till at last they see them all assembled. I often wondered how, without being able to count, they could so instantly tell if one were missing out of so large a pack. Nor should they be censured for their anxiety about their dogs; for these animals, in travelling

serve as purveyors, being employed, like hounds, to hunt deer, otters, and emus. It is chiefly on this account that every family keeps a great number of dogs, which are supported without any trouble; plenty of provender being always supplied by the heads, hearts, livers, and entrails of the slaughtered cattle; which, though made use of by Europeans, are rejected by the savages. The fecundity of these animals in Paraguay corresponds to the abundance of victuals. They scarce ever bring forth fewer than twelve puppies at a birth. When the period of parturition draws nigh, they dig a very deep burrow, furnished with a narrow opening, and therein securely deposit their young. The descent is so artfully contrived with turnings and windings, that, however rainy the weather may be, no water can penetrate to this subterranean cave. The mother comes out every day to get food and drink, when she moans and wags her tail as if to excuse her absence to her master; at length, at the end of many days, she shows her whelps abroad, though she certainly cannot boast of their beauty: for the Indian dogs have no elegance of form, they are generally middle-sized, and of various colours, as with us.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the American Indians go naked; on the contrary, the Abipones are all decently, and in their fashion, elegantly clothed, and they will not suffer a female infant, a few months old even, to remain naked. The clothes of the Abipones is as follows:—

‘They use a square piece of linen, without any alteration, or addition of sleeves, thrown over their shoulders, tying one end of it to the left arm, and leaving the right disengaged. They confine this woollen garment, which displays various colours, and flows from the shoulders to the heels, with a woollen girth. In leaping on to a horse they keep back their dress with their knees, that they may not be quite bare: for they know of no such things, as shoes, stockings, or drawers, and are for that reason better prepared to swim rivers, and ride on horseback. Besides this vest which I have described, they throw another square piece of linen over their shoulders, by way of a cloak, which, tied in a knot under the neck, both defends them against the cold, and gives them a respectable appearance. When they are not hewing down a tree, and are afraid of being fatigued, they will sometimes throw off their clothes, if they be out of sight. Some strip themselves quite naked when they are going to join battle with the savages, partly that, being lighter, they may be so much the more expeditious in avoiding their adversaries’ weapons; partly, that they may appear to despise wounds. In long journies, they generally go bareheaded amidst rain, heat, and wind. Some, however, tie a piece of red woollen cloth round their forehead, which is a great defence against the heat

of the sun and pains in the head. They greatly prize a European hat, especially the young men, who likewise are much delighted with Spanish saddles, with spurs, and iron bridles. The women wear the same dress as the men, adjusted in rather a different manner.

‘The clothing of the Abipones is the chief employment of the women, who are commendable for their assiduity, and almost avidity in labour: for not to mention the daily business of the house, they shear sheep, spin the wool very neatly, dye it beautifully, by the aid of allum, with any colours they may have at hand, and afterwards weave it into cloth, adorned with a great number of lines and figures, and with a variety of colours. You would take it for a Turkey carpet, worthy of noblemen’s houses in Europe. The loom and the instruments of which it consists are confined to a few reeds and sticks. The American women seem to have a natural talent for making various useful articles. They can mould pots and jugs of various forms of clay, not with the assistance of a turning machine, like potters, but with their hands alone. These clay vessels they bake, not in an oven, but out of doors, placing sticks round them. They cannot glaze them with lead, but they first dye them of a red colour, and then rub them with a kind of glue to make them shine. There is never any snow, and very little frost, in the region inhabited by the Abipones: but when the south winds blow hard, the air becomes very piercing, and sometimes intolerably so to persons thinly clad. The Abipones shield themselves from the cold with a cloak made of otters’ skins. This garment, which is likewise square, is laboriously and elegantly made by the women: whose business it is to strip off the skins of the otters, after they have been caught by dogs, and then fix them to the ground with very slender pegs, that they may not wrinkle. After being dried, they are painted red, in square lines like a dice box. The Indian women cannot dress hides like curriers, but after having well rubbed and softened them with their hands, they sew them with a very thin thread, with so much skill, that the seams escape the quickest eye, and the whole cloak looks like one skin. For needles they use very small thorns, with which they pierce the otters’ skins, as shoemakers do leather with an awl, so that the slender thread of the caraquatà can be passed through it. This cloak is commonly used both by men and women, when the air is cold; but the old people of both sexes will not part with a hair of these otters’ skins, even in the hottest weather.

Of their general manners and customs we are told:—

‘The Abipones, in their whole deportment, preserve a decorum scarce credible to Europeans. Their countenance and gait display a modest cheerfulness, and manly gravity tempered with gentleness and kindness. Nothing licentious, indecent, or uncourteous, is discoverable in

their actions. In their daily meetings, all is quiet and orderly. Confused vociferations, quarrels, or sharp words, have no place there. They love jokes in conversation, but are averse to indecency and ill-nature. If any dispute arises, each declares his opinion with a calm countenance and unruffled speech: they never break out into clamours, threats, and reproaches, as is usual to certain people of Europe. These praises are justly due to the Abipones as long as they remain sober: but when intoxicated, they shake off the bridle of reason, become distracted, and quite unlike themselves. In their assemblies, they maintain the utmost politeness. One scarcely dares to interrupt another while he is speaking. Whilst one man relates some event of war, perhaps for half an hour together, all the rest not only listen attentively, but assent to every sentence, making a loud snort, as a sign of affirmation, which they every now and then express with these words: *quevorken*, certainly *cleerà*, very true, and *chik akala-gritan*, I don’t in the least doubt it. *Ta yeegàm*, or *kem ekemat*! are exclamations of wonder. With these words, uttered with great eagerness, they interrupt the preacher in the midst of his discourse, thinking it a mark of respect. They account it extremely ill-natured to contradict any one, however much he may be mistaken. They salute one another, and return the salute in these words: *la nau-ichi*? now are you come? *La nauè*, now I am come. But in general, for the sake of brevity, both parties only use the word *lè*, pronounced with much emphasis. The same manner of saluting is usual to the Guaranies, who say *ereyupà*? are you come? *Ayù angá*, I am come. When tired of a conversation, they never depart without taking leave of the master of the house. The one who sits nearest to him, says: *ma chik kla leyà*? have we not talked enough? the second accosts the third, and the third the fourth, in the same words, till at length the last of the circle, seated on the ground, declares that they have talked enough: *kla leyà*, upon which they all rise up together at one moment. Each then courteously takes leave of the master of the master of the house in these words, *Lahikyegarik*: now I am going from you; to which he replies, *La micheroa*: now you are going from me. The plebian Indians say *Lahik*, now I am going. When at the door of the house, that is, at the place where they go out, for they have no doors, they turn to the master, and say *Tantara*, I shall see you again, an expression commonly made use of in our country. They would think it quite contrary to the laws of good breeding, were they to meet any one, and not ask him where he was going: so that the word *Miekaue*? or *Miekauchitie*? where are you going resounds in the streets.

The men think polygamy and divorce allowable, from the example of their ancestors, and of other American nations;

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but very few of the Abipones indulge in this liberty. Repudiation is much more common than a plurality of wives. But very many are content with one wife during the whole of their lives. They think it both wicked and disgraceful to have any illicit connection with other women; so that adultery is almost unheard of amongst them. Both boys and girls display a native hilarity in their countenances, yet you never see them in company, or talking together. Some time after my arrival, I played on the flute in the open street. The crowd of women were delighted with the sweetness of a musical instrument they had never before seen; and the youths flocked in numbers to hear it; but as soon as they approached, the women, very one, disappeared. The custom of bathing in a neighbouring stream is agreeable to them and practised every day, except when the air is too cold. But do not imagine that, as syrens and dolphins are seen sporting on the same waves in the ocean, males and females swim and wash in the same part of the lake, or river. According to the Abiponian custom, the different sexes have different places assigned them. Where the women bathe, you cannot find the shadow of a man. Above a hundred women often go out to distant plains together to collect various fruits, roots, colours, and other useful things, and remain four or eight days in the country, without having any male to accompany them on their journey, assist them in their labours, take care of the horses, or guard them amidst the perils of wild beasts, or of enemies. Those Amazons are sufficient to themselves, and think they are safer alone. I never heard of a single woman being torn to pieces by a tiger, or bitten by a serpent: but I knew many men who were killed in both ways.

(To be continued.)

Agnes; or, the Triumph of Principle.

12mo. pp. 272. London, 1822.

THE 'Triumph of Principle,' intended in this tale, is the triumph of religion; the object of the author being to enforce that doctrine of the scriptures, that 'godliness is profitable unto all things.' The heroine of the story is a young lady of the name of Agnes, the orphan daughter of Sir Alfred Offley, whose religious principles are so very strict as to object to all gay amusements. This lady, as all such generally are, when, either from their rank or circumstances compelled to commingle with the frivolous world, was subjected to their sneers. After attending a party, Agnes undergoes a rather severe examination as to her religious opinions, by a Capt. Howard, to whom she recommends a better use of time than spending it in mere amusement. As this interview affords

us an extract which is a fair specimen of the book, we shall quote it:—

"Does the chief business of life consist in airing and visiting?" asked Miss Offley. "Are those hours thrown out of the scale of enjoyment, that might be devoted to instructive reading, to visiting the poor, and to the alleviating of care and sorrow?"

"Oh, as to visiting the poor, where is the need? They take care to visit us, for our streets are infested with beggars; and, with regard to reading, to judge from myself, the stimulus of new publications is required; and I have not heard whether the press teems with any, just at present."

"But there is an old publication," remarked Miss Offley, whose perusal would be new to many."

"Indeed!—Pray name it."

"The Bible."

"O ye powers!" exclaimed the captain, "what an antediluvian taste! Yet, tell me where lies the use of reading what we already know?"

"Is that knowledge so very general?" archly demanded Agnes.

"I should think so," he resumed; "at church, we hear the lessons for the day, and a sermon, with a text from scripture; is not that enough?"

"Not for one who would be wise unto salvation: that is, not searching as if for 'hid treasure;' it is resting in heartless services;—religion, to be profitable, must be influential on our lives;—it must lead us to obey him who commands us to 'search the scriptures.'"

"Do you think," said Howard, that we cannot learn as much from hearing or reading a good moral sermon, as from poring over their dark and intricate prophecies?"

"In mere ethical and human knowledge, perhaps, you may; but the wisdom of this world is 'foolishness with God.' That wisdom which is the fear of the Lord, can be found alone in the storehouse of his word. Would a sailor study architecture, to learn navigation?—or a farmer study tactics to learn agriculture? So, neither can we learn true religion, but by the study of that sacred 'Map of Heaven,' the Bible. Even the Bible will not profit us, unless, while perusing it, we devoutly say with David, 'Open thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of thy law!'"

"This is rank enthusiasm," exclaimed Captain Howard.

"Be it what it may," said Agnes, "it is that without which we shall ever remain in ignorance of the divine will. If, as St. Paul says, 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned,' is it irrational to ask the teaching of Him, who, until he opened the understanding of his disciples, perceived that even they understood not the Scriptures?"

"In that dark age," observed Captain Howard, "it might have been necessary;

but in the present day of extensive illumination, when men of talent so ably point out our duty, there can be no occasion for such a work of supererogation. For instance, can any thing supersede or surpass the usefulness of Mr. Methwald's discourses?—You have heard him preach Miss Offley, I suppose."

"I have."

"And do you not admire him?"

"As an orator."

"As an orator!" repeated Captain Howard. There seems to be something of mental reservation in that short sentence. Do you not think him an instructive preacher?"

"He might be, if he stated somewhat in addition to mere mortality."

"Is not morality a necessary lesson?"

"Unquestionably," she replied; "and it is a lesson which spiritual religion teaches us, in its widest extent;—'Be ye holy, even as I am holy:'—and can any thing exceed or be compared with the holiness of God. It is impossible to be religious *without* being moral; but it is possible to be moral *without* the smallest knowledge of vital christianity. And can that mode of preaching, which, though it leads us to a decent outward conduct, leaves the heart dead and cold towards God, and ignorant of the only hope of sinners, be approved? Is not such preaching a scattering of the sheep of the pasture? Are not such preachers, 'blind leaders of the blind?'—O that all who undertake that sacred office would consider their responsibility!—'The blood of my people will I require at your hands.' Surely, the pastors to whom such an address is applicable, instead of catering for their own earthly gratifications, would strive to feed their perishing fellow mortals with the bread of truth. They would, by seeking the blessing of God on their fervent supplications, become as lamps to the dark paths of their wandering flocks. What a contrast to their actual character! They are prophets of the deceit of their own heart; if they knew what they ought to know, they would feel, and they would diffuse, spiritual alarm; but, being willingly ignorant, they dream away the hours and the years of life unmindful of the doom pronounced against those who do the work of the Lord deceitfully."

"Thou reverend Herbert Mowbray," cried Howard, "hearest thou this accusation levelled against the cloth?"

[Agnes coloured deeply.]

"I knew not," she softly said, "that any of the church were here; concluding them always clad in sable, I took the gentleman opposite for a military man."

We shall not enter into the narrative, which is interesting and well told; but merely observe, that it is strictly a religious novel. To the ordinary novel reader, it will no doubt seem very dull; but to such as can bear to see religion united to a very pleasing story, 'Agnes, or the Triumph of Principle,' will af-

History of Cultivated Vegetables. By
Henry Phillips.

(Continued from p. 115.)

Jerusalem Artichoke.—“This root, which is more agreeable than profitable, was first planted in England during the reign of James the First, as we are informed that, in the year 1617, Mr. John Goodyer received two small roots from Mr. Franquevill, of London, no bigger than hen’s eggs; the one he planted, and the other he gave to a friend. His own brought him a peck of roots, wherewith he stored Hampshire.

“If this were the era of the first introduction of the Jerusalem Artichoke, it seems surprising, even allowing for the facility with which it increased, that, so soon as the year 1629, or even earlier, it should have become so common in London, that even the most vulgar began to despise it; whereas, when first received among us, it was, as Parkinson says, a dainty for a queen. They were formerly baked in pies, with marrow, dates, ginger, raisins, sack, &c.; but the too frequent use, and especially being so plentiful and cheap, hath, says Parkinson (in 1629), rather bred a loathing than a liking of them.

“Coles observes, in his *History of Plants*, that—“The potatoes of Canada, called by the ignorant people Jerusalem artichokes, were of great account when they were first received amongst us; but, by reason of their great increase, they are become common, and consequently despicable, especially by those which think nothing good unless it be dear; but if any one please to put them into boiling water, they will quickly become tender, so that, being peeled, sliced, and stewed with butter and a little wine, they will be as pleasant as the bottom of an artichoke.”

Moss.—“Philosophers tell us that the mighty mountains, whose adamant sides have bid defiance to ages, have at last been rent by the aid of the smallest moss; and without its assistance, the ash, the cedar, the juniper, the palm, or even the thistle, could have found no crevice for their seeds. Rocks of all kinds, when exposed to the air, are soon covered with the velvet kind of moss, which imbibes the moist atmosphere, and collects the passing dust until it has raised its little feathers, like a miniature forest of pines, out of the earth of its own collecting; this receives the seeds of a larger species of lichen that usurps the soil of the first occupier, and drives it farther upwards. The second variety collects more rapidly both soil and moisture, until its circling leaves entangle and cherish the seeds of other plants, which, by their more vigorous growth, destroy their nurse for their own nourishment; these, in their turn, receive the seed of the other plants or shrubs, each of which strives for the mastery. Thus the moss creeps onwards, the lichen follows; the thistle, the bramble,

and the creepers succeed, until every crevice is lost in vegetation; and their decay alone enables more powerful plants to succeed, until the seed of the ash, and even the acorn, find a receptacle in the rock, where the germ sends forth its fibres, running beneath decayed and living plants, and, finding crevices, forces its thready roots into every vein. There it sucks and swells until it becomes so powerful that it exercises dominion over the fossil world; for, by the aid of the winds, it dislodges large rocks, and manures the hollows with their crumbling stones.—Among these fresh seeds are lodged, until the whole becomes a towering forest. Thus, every thing shows infinity of power, conducted by infinite wisdom and goodness in Him, who made the grass to grow upon the mountains and herbs for the use of men.”

Parsnips.—“Contain a very considerable portion of sugar. In Thuringia, the country people evaporate the juice until it has the consistency of thick syrup, when they eat it on bread instead of honey, and use it in many cases as a substitute for sugar. Marmalade made with parsnips and a small quantity of sugar, is thought to excite appetite, and to be a very proper food for convalescents. Wine made from these roots approaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and the Canaries than any other wine; it is made with little expense or trouble, and only requires to be kept a few years to make it as agreeable to the palate as it is wholesome to the body; yet fashion induces us to give pounds for foreign wines when we can obtain excellent wines of our own country for as many shillings. In the northern parts of Ireland, the poor people obtain a sort of beer from parsnips, by mashing and boiling the roots with hops, and then fermenting the liquor.”

Rosemary.—“It is still the custom in some parts of this country, as well as in France, to put a branch of rosemary in the hands of the dead when in the coffin; and we are told by Valmont Bomare, in his *Histoire Naturelle*, “that when the coffins have been opened after several years, the plant has been found to have vegetated so much that the leaves have covered the whole corpse.” This account savours more of superstition than of the nature of the plant. It is still the custom at the hospitals in France to burn rosemary with juniper berries, to correct impure air and to prevent infection. The custom of using it at funerals may have had reference to this virtue in the plant. Without entering into the extravagant opinions of the ancients respecting odours, we cannot avoid thinking that the effect which different smells and perfumes have on the mind as well as the health, is not at present sufficiently attended to. Most people acknowledge to have felt the refreshing odour of the tea and coffee before tasting them; and, in heated rooms, the fragrance of a cut lemon or a recently sliced cucumber has been observed to

give general refreshment. The ancients held certain odours in the highest veneration. Among the Israelites, the principal perfume of the sanctuary was forbidden for all common uses. The smell of the incense and burnt offerings in their sacrifices was thought to dispose the mind to devotion; while others were used to excite love: “I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon.”—Some perfumes were prescribed to procure pleasant dreams, whereas others were deemed of a contrary effect. It appears that they also employed odours as a nourishment when the frame was exhausted; as it is related that Democritus, when on his death-bed, hearing a woman in the house complain that she should be prevented from being at a solemn feast, which she had a great desire to see, because there would be a corpse in the house, ordered some loaves of new bread to be brought, and having opened them, poured wine into them, and so kept himself alive with the odour of them until the feast was past. The sprigs of this plant were formerly stuck into beef whilst roasting, and they are said to have communicated to it an excellent relish. The leaves were also boiled in milk pottage to give it an aromatic flavour; and before simples were so much out of use, the apothecaries made a distilled water, a conserve, and an electuary from this plant, which also produces by distillation an essential oil, which was much esteemed for all affections of the brain.”

Oats.—“The use of oats as provender for horses appears to have been known in Rome as early as the Christian era; as we find that capricious and profligate tyrant, Caligula, fed *Incitatus*, his favourite horse, with gilt oats out of a golden cup.

“The platting of oat and rye straw for hats was a custom of the ancient Britons, as well as the Italians, and has never been entirely out of use. Shakespeare notices it in the *Tempest*:—

“You sun-burn’d sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
Make holyday, your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.”

“Towards the end of the last century, it was again introduced by fashionable ladies, as a kind of half dress, or costume of elegant negligence. The simplicity and durability of these head-dresses rapidly brought them into such general use, that they gave rise to a regular manufactory, which employed the females of whole towns and villages, who brought them to such perfection and lightness, that they were often sold for six times their weight in silver.”

Parsley.—“is still in considerable demand for culinary purposes, and is the common garnish to most cold meats. It should always be brought to table when any dish is strongly seasoned with onions, as it both takes off the smell and prevents

* ‘Proverbs, c. vii. v. 17.’

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the after-taste of that strong root. Parsley leaves, on account of their agreeable aromatic flavour, are used in seasoning meats, and, when put into broth, render it diuretic. The decoction is a good sudorific.

The Potatoe 'now in use was brought to England by the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, under the authority of his patent granted by Queen Elizabeth for discovering and planting new countries not possessed by christians, which passed the great seal in 1584. By the MS. minutes of the Royal Society, Dec. 13, 1693, it appears that the then president, Sir Robert Southwell, informed the fellows that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, and that he first had them from Sir Walter Raleigh.

'Early in the seventeenth century, this root was planted in the gardens of the nobility as a curious exotic. The potatoe appears to have been esteemed a great delicacy in the time of James the First; for, in the year 1619, it is noticed among the different articles provided for the Queen's household. The quantity supplied was extremely small, and the price high, being at that time one shilling per pound.

'The *farina* of flour, of which starch is made, is easily procured from potatoes by simply grating them into clear boiling water, when it separates from the other particles and sinks to the bottom. When potatoes are frozen, it will be observed that it is only the water which the frost affects, and not the starch, which may be extracted as white and good as if not frozen.

'In 1807, Mrs. Morris, of Union Street, near the Middlesex Hospital, discovered that the liquor obtained in the process of making potatoe-starch, would clean silk, woollen, or cotton goods, without damaging the texture or colour. It is also good for cleaning painted wainscots: and the white *fecula*, the substance of which potatoe-starch is made, she says, will answer the purpose of tapioca, and will make an useful nourishing food with soup or milk. It is known to make the best *souffles*, and has, within these few last months, been introduced at the foreign oil-shops as a new article, under the name of *Fecule de Pomme de Terre*, for which they modestly charge four shillings per pound. Potatoes boiled down to a pulp, and passed through a sieve, form a strong nutritious gruel, that may be given to calves as well as pigs with great advantage and saving of milk. A size is made from potatoes, which has great advantage over the common size for the purpose of white-washing, as it does not smell, and it has also a more durable whiteness. Yeast may also be made from these roots, fit for the use of either the baker or the brewer. The most simple, and perhaps the most wholesome way of boiling potatoes is in an untinned iron pot or saucepan; when boiled, pour off the water, and let them continue over a gentle fire; the heat of the iron will

cause the moisture to evaporate and dry the potatoe fit for the table. We recollect reading an advertisement for a cook, to which this necessary caution was subjoined:—"None need apply who cannot cook a potatoe well."

Rhubarb.—Gerard, speaking of rhubarb, says:—"I learned a notable experiment of one John Bennett, a chirurgion of Maidstone, in Kent, a man as slenderly learned as myself, which he practised upon a butcher's boy of the same town, as himself reported unto me. His practice was this: being desired to cure the foresaid ladde of an ague, which did grievously vex him, he promised him a medicine, and, for want of one for the present, (for a shift, as himself confessed unto me,) he tooke out of his garden three or fower leaves of the plant of rhubarbe, which myself had among other simples given him, which he stamped and strained with a draught of ale, and gave it the ladd in the morning to drinke; it wrought extremely downwards and upwards within one hower after, and never ceased until night. In the ende, the strength of the boy overcame the force of the phisicke; it gave over working, and the ladd lost his ague; since which time (as he saith) he hath cured with the same medicine many of the like maladie, having ever greate regarde unto the quantitie, which was the cause of the violent working in the first cure. By reason of which accident, that thing hath been revealed unto posteritie, which heretofore was not so much as dreamed of."

Entertaining the hope that our readers will be as much pleased with Mr. Phillips's work as ourselves, we shall reserve a page of extracts from it for our next number.

ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE.

THE Twenty-seventh Part of the PERCY ANECDOTES is devoted to the stage, and is embellished with an exquisite portrait of Mrs. Siddons, from Harlow's celebrated picture of the Kemble family. Of all the subjects hitherto selected by the brothers Percy, the stage is certainly the most hacknied; they appear to have felt this, and, avoiding the ordinary chit-chat of the Green Room, of which anecdotes of the stage generally consist, have exhibited a brief but comprehensive view of the stage as it has appeared in all ages and all countries, from the origin of the drama in Greece down to the melo-dramatic era of our own times. From this part we select the following anecdotes:—

Roscius.—Quintus Roscius, a Roman actor, became so celebrated upon the stage, that every actor of superior eminence to his cotemporaries, has been since called the *Roscius*. It is said, that he was

not without some personal defects, particularly his eyes were so distorted, that he always appeared upon the stage with a mask; but the Romans frequently constrained him to take it off, and overlooked the deformities of his face, that they might the better hear his elegant pronunciation. In private life he was so much esteemed as to be elevated to the rank of senator. When falsely accused, Cicero, who had been one of his pupils, undertook his defence, and cleared him of the malevolent aspersions of his enemies, in an eloquent oration extant in his works. Roscius is said to have written a treatise, which has not escaped the wreck of time, comparing, with great success and erudition, the profession of the orator with that of the comedian. His daily pay for acting is said to have been 1000 denarii, or 32l. 6s. English money, though Cicero makes his annual income amount to the enormous sum of 48,438l. 10s.

Expression.—Hylas, the scholar of Pylades, and almost sufficiently advanced in his art to rival his master, one day played in a piece, of which the last words were—*The Great Agamemnon!*—Hylas, to express the idea of greatness, stretched out his whole body, as if he meant to indicate the measure of a very great man. Pylades, placed in the middle of the audience, could not contain himself, but cried aloud, "you represent *length*, not *grandeur*." The people, excited by this critique, insisted that Pylades should get upon the stage, and act the same part *himself*. Pylades obeyed; and when he came to the passage in question, he represented Agamemnon as pensive; since nothing, in his opinion, was so characteristic of a great king, as *thought* for all."

Introduction of Plays into Germany.—The author of *l'Histoire du Concile de Constance* gives the glory of introducing plays into Germany to the English. He says that the English fathers assembled at that council, on the return of the emperor to Constance, from whence he had been absent for some time, in order to express their joy on that occasion, caused a sacred comedy to be acted before him on Sunday, January 31, 1417, the subjects of which were the Nativity of our Lord, the Arrival of the Eastern Magi, and the Cruelty of Herod. The Germans, therefore, says Monsieur L'Enfant, are obliged to the English for the invention of these sorts of spectacles, unknown to them before that time."

"Three Weeks after Marriage."—Murphy's farce of *Three Weeks after Marriage* affords a very striking proof of the capriciousness of public taste, and injustice of some public decisions. It was first produced in 1764, under the title of "What we must all come to;" but met with so much opposition, that the audience would not hear it to the conclusion. Twelve years after, Lewis ventured to produce it again at his benefit, with the new title; when it met with universal ap-

plause, and has continued ever since to be a favourite on the stage.

Deaths on the Stage.—In the history of the stage, there are several instances, besides that of Mr. Palmer, of performers, who, in favourite characters, have given way to such an intensity of feeling, as to occasion instant death.

In October, 1758, Mr. Paterson, an actor long attached to the Norwich Company, was performing the Duke in "Measure for Measure," which he played in a masterly style. Mr. Moody was the Claudio; and in the third act, where the Duke (as the Friar) was preparing Claudio for execution next morning, Paterson had no sooner spoken these words,—

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art;

than he dropped in Mr. Moody's arms, and died instantly. He was interred at Bury St. Edmunds, and on his tombstone his last words, as above, are engraved.

A gentleman of the name of Bond, collecting a party of his friends, got up Voltaire's play "of Zara," (which a friend had translated for him) at the Music Room in Villiers Street, York Buildings, and chose the part of Lusignan for himself. His acting was considered as a prodigy; and he so far yielded himself up to the force and impetuosity of his imagination, that on the discovery of his daughter, he fainted away. The house rung with applause; but finding that he continued a long time in that situation, the audience began to be uneasy and apprehensive. The representatives of Chatillon and Nerestan placed him in his chair; he then faintly spoke, extending his arms to receive his children, raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them for ever.

In June, 1817, when the tragedy of "Jane Shore" was performing at Leeds Theatre, Mr. Cummings, a respectable veteran, who had held an elevated rank on the stage for nearly half a century, played the part of Dumont. He had just repeated the benedictory words,—

"Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to shew
thee;

May such befall me at my latest hour;"

when he fell down on the stage, and instantly expired. The shock inflicted upon the feelings of the audience, soon spread through the town; and seldom has been witnessed so general a tribute to departed worth, as was every where manifested. The performance, of course, immediately closed. For some time, Mr. Cummings, the circumstances of whose death so nearly resemble those of Mr. Palmer, had laboured under that alarming malady designated by the name of an ossification of the heart; and to this circumstance, added to the strength of his feelings in the mimic scene, his death is to be attributed.

Theatrical Bon Mot.—When Sir C.

Sedley's comedy of "Bellamira" was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, "there was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house and all." "No," replied the good-natured author, "the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

"A Grace beyond the Reach of Art."

—The first night on which the musical romance of "Lodoiska" was performed, the last scene had a very natural and fine effect, from the real danger of Mrs. Crouch, the heroine, when she appeared in the blazing castle. The wind fanned the flames rather too near the place where she was stationed; she felt them, but could not retire without spoiling the scene; therefore, with true fortitude, she maintained her situation at the hazard of her life, until Mr. Kelly, alarmed for her safety, flew hastily to snatch her from danger, when his foot slipped, and he fell from a considerable height. She then uttered a scream of terror, but providentially he was not hurt by the fall, and in a moment caught her in his arms. Scarcely knowing what he did, he turned her to the front of the stage with rapidity and undissembled terror. Mrs. Crouch, actually scorched by the flames, and alarmed first by Mr. Kelly's fall, and then at his precipitancy, was nearly insensible of her situation; but the loud plaudits which they received from the audience, who thought their acting uncommonly excellent, roused them from their apprehensions for each other, and at the same time convinced them of the effect; which they found was far superior to any studied scene, as their danger and their fears were well timed, and perfectly in character. They profited, therefore, ever after from that involuntary scene, by imitating as closely as possible their real fears, in those they were obliged to feign.

John Philip Kemble.—In the course of repeatedly reflecting on the part of Romeo, and desirous of attaining to as great perfection as possible in the representation of it, it occurred to Mr. Kemble, that in that passage where Romeo, in his despair, approaches the house of the apothecary, there had prevailed a great misconception as to the right manner of delivering it. Romeo says,—

"And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him;

* * * * *

As I remember this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut,
What, ho! apothecary!"

As the passage had been always hitherto spoken, the player raised his voice in the "what, ho! apothecary!" to the pitch of "milk below, maids!" Now, reasoned Mr. Kemble, could any thing be more absurd? A man, with all the marks of deep despair, is seen looking

about for an apothecary's shop; he is in search of some subtle poison, which it is death in this apothecary to sell; and yet, as if he wanted all the world to witness the purchase, he bawls out with Stentorian lungs, "what, ho! apothecary!" Nothing, as Mr. Kemble thought, could be more out of character; and he accordingly resolved to go a different way to work. On his next representation of Romeo, when he came to the words, "As I remember this should be the house," he lowered his voice to the meditative muttering of some midnight prowler; then in a side whisper, told us, that "being holiday, the beggar's shop was shut," and at length, in a low sepulchral tone, uttered the magic words, "what, ho! apothecary!"

Thus far all was well; but, unfortunately for Mr. Kemble's new and rational improvements, Shakespeare happens to have thought differently on the subject; and no sooner had Romeo uttered in this low tone the words, "what, ho! apothecary!" than Mr. Apothecary stepped forth and demanded,—

Who calls so loud?

The audience, as may readily be supposed, were instantly struck by the strange incongruity, and burst into a general laugh. Mr. Kemble was so disconcerted, that he could scarcely proceed with his part, which he now learnt, by a mortifying exposure, could only be performed well by attending to the part which others have to play with him.

There seems reason, after all, to think that in this instance the actor was right in his idea of propriety, and the author wrong; nor would the play suffer by the slight alteration which Mr. Kemble's new reading would require.

Extensive as the range of characters was, in which Mr. Kemble shone for many years on the stage, yet they were not sufficient for his ambition. He once had it in contemplation to play Macheath in the "Beggars Opera," and actually got Incledon to give him some instructions in singing; and he played Charles Surface, in the "School for Scandal," in defiance of the advice of his best friends, until rallied out of it by one of them, who observed to him, "Mr. Kemble, you have long given us Charles's martyrdom, when shall we have his restoration?"

Americana,

No. IV.

REMINISCENCES.

DRESS, &c.—Seventy years ago, cocked hats, wigs, and red cloaks, were the usual dress of gentlemen. Boots were rarely seen except among military men. Shoe strings were worn only by those who could not buy any sort of buckles. In winter, round coats were used, made stiff with buckram; they came down to the knees in front.

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Before the revolution boys wore wigs and cocked hats; and boys of genteel families wore cocked hats till within about thirty years.

Ball dress for gentlemen was silk coat and breeches of the same, and embroidered waistcoats, sometimes white-satin breeches. Buckles were fashionable till within fifteen or twenty years, and a man could not have remained in a ball-room with shoe-strings. It was usual for the bride, bridegroom, and maids and men attending, to go to church together, three successive Sundays after the wedding; with a change of dress each day. A gentleman, who deceased not long since, appeared the first Sunday in white broad cloth, the second in blue and gold, the third in peach-bloom and pearl-buttons. It was a custom to hang the escutcheon of a deceased head of a family out of the window over the front door, from the time of his decease until after the funeral. The last instance which is remembered of this, was in the case of Gov. Hancock's uncle, 1764. Copies of the escutcheon painted on black silk were more antiently distributed among the pall-bearers, rings afterwards, and, until within a few years, gloves. Dr. A. Eliot had a mug full of rings which were presented to him at funerals. Till within about twenty years gentlemen wore powder, and many of them sat from thirty to forty minutes every day under the barber's hands to have their hair craped, suffering no inconsiderable pain most of the time from hair pulling, and sometimes from the hot curling tongs. Crape cushions and hoops were indispensable in full dress till within about thirty years. Sometimes ladies were dressed the day before the party, and slept in easy chairs to keep their hair in fit condition for the following night. Most ladies went to parties on foot, if they could not get a cast in a friend's carriage or chaise. Gentlemen rarely had a chance to ride.

The latest dinner hour was two o'clock; some officers of the colonial government dined later occasionally. In genteel families, ladies went to drink tea about four o'clock, and rarely staid after candle light in summer. It was the fashion for ladies to propose to visit, not to be sent for.

The drinking of punch in the forenoon in public houses was a common practice with the most respectable men till about five and twenty years; and evening clubs were very common. The latter, it is said, were the more common

formerly, as they afforded the means of communion on the state of the country. Dinner parties were very rare. Wine was very little in use; convivial parties drank punch or toddy. Half boots came into fashion about thirty years ago. The first pair that appeared in Boston, were worn by a young gentleman, who came here from New York, and who was more remarkable for his boots than any thing else. Within twenty years, gentlemen wore scarlet coats with black velvet collars, and very costly buttons, of mock pearl, cut steel, or painted glass, and neck-cloths edged with lace, and laced ruffles over the hands. Before the revolutions, from 5 to £600 was the utmost of annual expenditure in those families where carriages and correspondent domestics were kept. There were only two or three carriages, that is, chariots or coaches, in 1750. Chaises on four wheels, not phaetons, were in use in families of distinction.

The history of *liberty tree* is said to be this—that a certain Capt. McIntosh illuminated the tree and hung upon it effigies of obnoxious characters, and that these were taken down by the liberty boys and burnt, and the tree thus got its name.

The Popes.—A stage was erected on wheels; on this stage was placed a figure in the chair called the pope; behind him, a female figure in the attitude of dancing, whom they called Nancy Dawson; behind her, Admiral Byng hanging on a gallows; and behind him, the devil. A similar composition was made at the south end, called south-end pope. In the day time the processions, each with their popes and their attendants, met and passed each other on the mill or draw-bridge very civilly; but in the evening they met at the same points, and battle ensued with fists, sticks, and stones, and one or the other of the popes was captured. The north-end pope was never taken but once, and then the captain had been early wounded and taken from the field. These pope conflicts were held in memory of the powder plot of Nov. 5, and were some sort of imitation of what was done in England on the same anniversary.

A man used to ride on an ass, with immense jack-boots, and his face covered with a horrible mask, and was called Joyce, Jr. His office was to assemble men and boys in mob style, and ride in the middle of them, and in such company to terrify the adherents to royal government, before the

revolution. The tumults which resulted in the massacre, 1770, were excited by such means. *Joyce Junior*, was said to have a particular whistle, which brought together his adherents, &c. whenever they were wanted.

About 1730 to 1740, there was no meat market; there were only four shops in which fresh meat was sold; one of them was the corner of State Street and Cornhill, where Mr. Harts-horn now keeps. Gentlemen used to go the day before and have their names put down for what they wanted. Outside of this shop was a large hook on which carcasses used to hang. A little man, who was a justice of the peace, came one day for meat; but came too late. He was disappointed, and asked to whom such and such pieces were to go; one of them was to go to a *tradesman*, (it was not a common thing in those days for tradesmen to eat fresh meat;) the justice went out, saying he would send the tradesman a sallad for his lamb. He sent an overdue and unpaid tax-bill. Soon after, the tradesman met the justice near this place, and told him he would return *his kindness*; which he did, by hanging the justice by the waistband of his breeches to the *butcher's hooks*, and leaving him to get down as he could.

Tea.—There have been some doubts concerning the destruction of the tea on the 16th of December, 1773. The number of the ships and the place where they were situated are not quite certain. One gentleman now living, over seventy years of age, thinks they were at Hubbard's wharf, as it was then called, about half way between Griffin's (now Liverpool) and Forster's wharf, and that the number of ships was four or five. Another gentleman, who is seventy-five years of age, and who was one of the guard detached from the New Grenadier Company, says that he spent the night but one before the destruction of the tea in company with General Knox, then a private in that company, on board of one of the tea ships; thinks there were but two, but he is uncertain where they lay. A song, written soon after the time, tells of 'three ill-fated ships at Griffin's Wharf.' The whole evidence seems to result in this: there were *three ships**, but whether at Russell's or Griffin's Wharf, or one or more at each, is not certain. The number of chests destroyed was, according to

* The journal of the war in the Historical Collections says 'three cargoes of teas.'

the newspapers of the time, three hundred and forty-two. There was a body meeting on the 16th Dec. 1783. This matter of the tea was the occasion of the meeting. The meeting began at Fanueil Hall, but, that place not being large enough, it was adjourned to the Old South, and even that place could not contain all who came. Jonathan Williams was Moderator.—Among the spectators was John Rowe, who lived in Pond Street, where Mr. Prescott now lives; among other things he said,—‘Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?’—and this suggestion was received with great applause. Governor Hutchinson was at this time at his house on Milton Hill, where Barney Smith, Esq. lives. A committee was sent from the meeting to request him to order the ships to depart. While they were gone, speeches were made, for the purpose of keeping the people together. The committee returned about sun-set with H.’s answer that he could not interfere. At this moment the Indian yell was heard from the street. Mr. Samuel Adams cried out that it was a trick of their enemies to disturb their meeting, and requested the people to keep their places; but the people rushed out, and accompanied the Indians to the ships. The number of persons disguised as Indians is variously stated; none put it lower than sixty, none higher than eighty. It is said by persons who were present, that nothing was destroyed but tea; and this was not done with noise and tumult, little or nothing either by the agents or the multitude who looked on. The impression was that of solemnity rather than of riot and confusion. The destruction was effected by the disguised persons, and some young men who volunteered; one of the latter collected the tea which fell into the shoes of himself and companions, and put it into a phial and sealed it up; which phial is now in his possession, containing the same tea. The contrivers of this measure and those who carried it into effect will never be known; some few persons have been mentioned as being among the disguised, but there are many and obvious reasons why secrecy then, and concealment since, were necessary. None of those persons who were confidently said to have been of the party (except some who were then minors or very young men) have ever admitted that they were so. The person who appeared to know more than any one I ever spoke with, refused to mention

names. Mr. Samuel Adams is thought to have been in the counselling of this exploit, and many other men who were leaders in the political affairs of the times; and the Hall of Council is said to have been the back room of Edes and Gill’s printing office, at the corner of the alley leading to Brattle Street Church, from Court Street. There are very few alive now who helped to empty the chests of tea, and these few will probably be as prudent as those who have gone before them.

The statement by Judge Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, 2d. vol. 155, was sufficient for his purpose, but it does not in all things agree with the statement of some persons who were on the spot, and who remember the transactions of the day. Judge Marshall’s account of this transaction is rendered the more interesting from his notice of the speech of Josiah Quincy, delivered on that occasion.

Flannel was first used in Boston as a dress next the skin, by Lord Percy’s regiment, which was encamped on the Common in October, 1774. There was hardly flannel enough then in the whole town for that one regiment. Lord Percy’s head quarters were at the corner of Winter and Common Streets, in the house lately pulled down, next Hamilton Place, where Samuel Breck afterwards lived, and who was Lord Percy’s immediate successor. The estate belonged to the grand Williams family. Some time after Lord Percy began with flannel shirting, Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, is said to have published a pamphlet, at the southward, assuming to have discovered the utility of this practice; perhaps he suggested such use of flannel to Lord Percy. Flannel has not been in general use until within some thirty years. Men and women lived long and were healthy before it was used. A gentleman now living says that his father and mother approached to eighty years, but never used flannel.

The Judges then wore wigs and bags, and red broad-cloth gowns, faced with black velvet. The barristers always appeared before the court in black gowns, powdered hair, and bags. It is not remembered when gowns were laid aside; it was probably about the time of the adoption of the constitution. Judge Jay and Judge Iredell came here as United States’ judges in a simple suit of black. Whether this occurrence had any relation to the disuse of our judicial costume does not appear.

Original Communications.

ESSAY ON HOMER.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—It is certainly needless in the present age, when the merits of the poet are so universally acknowledged, to write a panegyric on Homer,—

‘Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.’

Although some there have been, who, like Zoilus, have endeavoured to lessen his justly merited fame, yet the names of Dacier, Pope, Voss, &c. are sufficient to silence all these senseless babblers.

However, I may perhaps be permitted to observe, that my opinion of the life of Homer greatly differs from the general view. I cannot possibly persuade myself that a wandering bard, unused to martial exploits, could compose the *Iliad*, in which the tactics of those times are described, as well as Nestor, who had for ages distinguished himself in the field of battle, and—

Τὸν καὶ ἀπὸ γλῶσσης μελίτος γλυκίων ῥεῖα ἔειπεν,
—as well, I say, as Nestor himself could have described them. It is for this reason, that I sometimes indulge my imagination so far as to consider this aged prince as representing the poet himself. So much is certain, that Homer had received as good an education as the princes of those times could receive; for no genius, howsoever favoured by nature, could produce those fruits without the cultivation of art. Now, none but the great received a liberal education then; therefore, I conclude, that Homer was of nobler birth than is generally supposed. His knowledge of the military art persuades me, that by parentage, qualifications, and inclination, he was destined to achieve noble exploits in the field of Mars; but the obscurity of his life and death gives me reason to presume, that, being unsuccessful in his enterprize, he was necessitated to disguise himself under a borrowed name, and hence he is known to us as the wandering poet.

You will reasonably object to these ideas, as the audacious flight of a youthful imagination. I am fully aware of the justice of the reply, and shall, therefore, not trouble you any further with remarks of that nature, but proceed to make some few observations on the *Iliad* itself.

It is impossible to derive either pleasure or instruction from the perusal of Homer’s *Iliad*, without being well ac-

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quainted with the characters of those illustrious warriors, whose names are immortalized in that poem. True as this observation is in general, it is, however, most applicable to the magnanimous son of Peleus, whose implacable anger is the chief topic of the Iliad. Hence the cause of his quarrel with the king of kings; his absenting himself from the field of battle; the interference of Thetis with Jupiter, for his sake; the superiority of the Trojans thereby occasioned; the embassy of the Greeks, to stimulate him to reappear in defence of their cause; the death of his beloved friend, which he retaliates by the death of Hector; the funeral solemnities, which he celebrates in honour of Patroclus,—form the substance of the Iliad. The poet has, indeed, contrived to introduce episodes, more pleasing and less bloody than the furious threats of Achilles, as the dialogue between Hector and Andromache, or that of Glaucus with Diomedes; but even in those he does not suffer his reader to forget the hero of the piece, but introduces the Trojan dame proclaiming the deeds of his Greek enemy:—

Πάντας γὰρ κατεπέφνη ποδάρεχης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
Il. vi. 422.

It is, therefore, not without cause, that I consider a thorough knowledge of the character of Achilles necessary, to read the Iliad with ease and pleasure.

The warriors of those times were not at all like the present, neither were the wars carried on as they are at present. The principle then was:—

‘Lex nulla capto parut ant poenam (scil. poenalem) impedit.’
SENECA.

We must, therefore, not expect to find our hero endowed with much politeness or great mercy.

Ὁ γὰρ τὸ γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν οὐδ’ ἀγανόφρων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ’ ἐμμενέας.

His principal trait is ferocity; he spares neither age nor youth; but pierces the heart of his defenceless foe, and persecutes even the lifeless corse of his fallen enemy. More pleasing, more congenial would it be to the refined part of the present age, if Achilles lamented the fall of his noble antagonist, as Cæsar mourned for Pompey, or the Macedonian hero for Darius. But his was not the age for sensibility, and, accordingly, we see the barbarous Greeks playing off their jokes in mockery of the noblest youth, whose arm was ever extended in defence of his country, who was more modest,

more humane, and equally brave with Pelides:—

Ὡ πόποι ἡ μάλα δὴ μαλακώτερος ἀμφαφάσσει
Ἐκτωρ, ἢ στενάζει ἐνέπρηστον πυρὶ κηλῶ.

xxiv. 373. et. 4.

But we must here observe, that Homer did not intend his Iliad for a specimen of his softer passions, nor did he write to suit *our* taste. His Iliad is to represent the scenes of death, cruelty, and confusion, which abound in a field of battle; he wrote in an age when sensibility was rare.

‘In every work regard the writer’s end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.’

POPE.

That Homer himself was not unacquainted with more humane feelings, may (without quoting the Odyssey) be inferred from the dialogue of Hector and Andromache, to which we have before referred.

Achilles, too, was naturally passionate: the first book of the Iliad proves it abundantly, the xxiv. confirms it, when an unguarded expression of the aged Priam rouses his anger:—

Τῷ νῦν μὴ μοι μάλλον ἐν ἀλγεσὶ θυμὸν ὀρίνης,
Μη σὲ, γέρον, οὐδ’ αὐτὸν ἐνὶ κλυσιήσιν ἐκσώ,
καὶ ἱκέτην πειρόντα, Δῖος δ’ ἀλιτῶμαι ἐφέτμας.

But the poet knows to turn even these barbarous traits to his advantage: for, if the warriors were more fierce than they are now, if Achilles was naturally passionate, and at the same time noted for his valour, what must have been the effects of his bravery when stimulated by revenge? Compare Il. xxi. 521-26. And again, if Achilles was as secure from the softer passions of pity and compassion, as his body was not to be wounded by the arm of the enemy, how great must the misery of Priam have been to move even him unto compassion? See Iliad, xxiv. 518. et. seq.

When I consider Achilles from this more disadvantageous side, and cannot help comparing his character to a gigantic structure, which rather strikes the eye of the spectator with amazement than pleases his taste, or to a huge rock, the sight of which produces terror mingled with wonder. I shall feel it a more pleasing task to point out his virtues, which I shall do, as soon as you have transferred this little essay in your *Literary Chronicle*, by which you will oblige, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
Jan. 28th, 1822. LABIENUS.

SCRAPS.

THE term *Old Nick*, as applied to the devil, appears to have originated from the name of a certain demon of the Goths, viz. *Old Nicka*, who was supposed to strangle persons drowning.

The interjection *Bo* has probably been handed down to us from our Saxon ancestors, from *Bo*, the son of *Odin*, who was a great captain and ferocious warrior. The Goths shouted the name of this hero going into battle, for the purpose of appalling their enemies.

Mara, in old runic, was a goblin, who seized upon men asleep in their beds, and took from them all power of speech and motion; this may explain why the stomachic disease, incubus, is termed night-mare.

During Cromwell’s usurpation there was, among other violent covenanting preachers in Scotland, a person named *Cant*; query, did the term canting, as applied to hypocritical professors of religion, take its rise from this circumstance.—The first month of marriage is termed the honey moon, from a beverage drank by the Gaels, in a thirty days’ feast after a wedding; Mead (hydromel) was a drink used by the Saxons.

CALIPASH.

MR. BUSBY AND THE COMMISSIONERS FOR BUILDING CHURCHES.

Mr. C. A. Busby has just published a long statement of the treatment he has received from the commissioners for building additional churches, by which it appears that he has not only been very ill treated, but that what ought to have been a national object fairly open to genius and enterprise has been converted into a disgraceful system of jobbing.

During the course of proceeding under the act it has generally been found that parishes whose claims have obtained a preference, have appointed a local committee to negotiate with the commissioners, who, having approved of the scites, respectively direct these local committees to furnish them with the plan for the church or churches, as the case may be. In some instances the local committees have consequently invited a professional competition among architects, in order to make a selection; in others they have proceeded to nominate an architect and to instruct him to prepare designs. The first course was adopted at Leeds, the latter at Oldham, and in both these cases the plans of Mr. Busby were adopted under flattering circumstances of professional approbation.

Both these designs were duly forwarded by the local committees, to the board in London, and came regularly under consideration in the spring of 1821; the peculiarities of each church in conformity with the particulars required. Both these designs were favourably received by the commissioners; their surveyor made a favourable report on the plans, specifications, and estimates, and the whole were then submitted to Mr. Soane, Mr. Nash, and Mr. Smirke, the three architects attached to the office of the commissioners.

In September, Mr. Busby was called before the board, which consisted of Archdeacon Wollaston, the Surveyor General, and Mr. Watson, then sitting in committee; Archdeacon Wollaston, as chairman, then presented the following reports:

‘Oldham.

‘The drawings given for this church do not describe the intended construction sufficiently to enable us to report upon the whole of it; but the roof, according to the drawing of one of the principals, would be extremely weak and insecure.’

‘Leeds.

‘The remarks made upon the drawings for the preceding church apply in every respect to these.

‘Signed, John Nash,
Robert Smirke.’

Neither of the reports were signed by Mr. Soane. Mr. Busby, on hearing them, expressed his undiminished confidence in the construction of the roofs, and offered to prove their stability on the spot, if the plans then in the room were laid upon the table. To this Archdeacon Wollaston objected. Satisfied that the roofs, which were principally constructed of iron, did not merit the censure thus hastily passed on them, Mr. Busby took immediate steps to obtain the opinions of some of the first architects and engineers on the subject; and certainly, if any doubts could have been entertained of the security of Mr. Busby's roofs, the evidence adduced in their favour must have removed them. The letters of eight gentlemen of the highest professional talents are printed, and all strikingly in favour of Mr. Busby's plan. Mr. Maudsley says ‘the roofs are more than sufficiently strong, and likely to stand as long as the materials last.’ Mr. Bryan Donkin says that ‘the roofs would bear a hundred tons, instead of nineteen tons, as estimated by Mr. Busby.’ Mr. T. Bramah declares that ‘they will bear with safety,’ and that he has ‘no hesitation to pronounce them fully ade-

quate to any weight they can be subjected to;’ adding that Mr. Busby has been ‘rather profuse in the employment of material.’ Mr. Millington, civil engineer and professor of mechanics at the Royal Institution, in a letter to Mr. Busby, says,—‘Having, as you know, been very much accustomed to the use of cast iron, I have no hesitation in saying, that I conceive them amply sufficient for the purpose for which they are intended; and that you need not be under any fear of their giving way; if any thing, I think they are stronger than necessary.’ Mr. Alexander Galloway writes, ‘they appear to have no material defect, but the circumstance of their being, in my opinion, too heavy and strong;’ he adds, that he is making three large roofs, considerably lighter and of much greater span, and yet he has no fear whatever of their durability or strength.’ Mr. Walker, the architect and engineer to Vauxhall Bridge, says he has no doubt of the roofs being ‘sufficiently strong.’ Mr. Brunel, one of the most ingenious men of the age, says, ‘he has no hesitation in stating, that the roof is more than adequate to the strength required for supporting the roof of the building;’ and Mr. Tredgold declares, that having estimated the strength of these roofs, they appeared to him ‘perfectly secure.’

After such testimony as this, it might have been supposed that the committee would have referred the Report back to the surveyors; but public bodies generally claim infallibility, and, consequently, Mr. Busby was neither allowed to defend his plans nor tender the evidence he had obtained in their favour. After some time, Mr. Busby sent in another plan of a wooden roof, which was declared by the same architects to be an improvement on the first, but rejected, on account of the manner in which the timbers of the gallery were intended to be attached to the walls and buttresses, ‘notwithstanding,’ says Mr. Busby, ‘the same species of construction had been previously approved by the architects of the surveyor's office, in the designs for the churches at Ashton, Bordesley, and Portsea.’

The fact is, that Mr. Nash and Mr. Smirke have been employed to build many churches under the direction of the commissioners; thus, they hold the double office of censorial and co-acting architects. In consequence of the objections made to the plan of Mr. Busby by two architects, though approved

of by eight gentlemen, much better able to appreciate their merits, he lost the employment of superintending the building of the churches at Oldham and Leeds; and he now therefore appeals to the public.

Original Poetry.

LINES

Written on reading the account of the young Officer, who gallantly lost his life in attempting to assist the Crew of the Thames, East Indiaman, on the morning of the 3rd of February, 1822.

By MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON,
Author of ‘Astarte,’ &c. &c.

WHEN heroes die the death of Fame,
And sleep in Glory's laurel'd tomb,
Honour's proud ensigns grace their name,
And warlike trophies round it bloom!
But far more glorious,—nobler far,—
Of all who died, as die the brave,—
The death that met the gallant tar,
Who sank beneath th' o'erwhelming wave!

The wreath that crowns the warrior's bier,
Or decks his glory-cover'd brow,
Too oft is sullied by the tear
That Conquest's sword has taught to flow;—
Some parent's groan,—some orphan's cry,
With Vict'ry's brightest wreath will twine;
Some broken-hearted mourner's sigh
Bids Glory's chaplet blush to shine!

The laurel Fame allots to him,
No sanguine drops shall ever shade;—
No widow's moan its light shall dim,—
No mother's tear its bloom shall fade;—
More radiant than the victor's crown
Shall be the gems that grace his name;
More glorious trophies than renown
Shall still perpetuate his fame!

For where recording angels place,
In characters of living light,
Those deeds which Mercy loves to trace,
That name shall stand for ever bright!
There it shall shine with rays more pure
Than all the lustre Fame has giv'n
The warrior's deed;—it shall endure,
In the unfading page of Heav'n!
25th February, 1822.

TO ELLEN.

THOU'RT like the rose that sweetly breathes
Its fragrance to the morning air,—
As spotless as the dew which gives
It added beauty, art thou fair!
Would that mine were the hand decreed
To snatch the beauties ere they perish,
And might the thorn of conscience bleed
My heart, should it then cease to cherish.

In summer and in winter's hour
That rose my breast should grace,
And nothing can surpass the flower
That blooms in such a place!
On the heart's soil sweet buds are reared,
Fairer than those of earth,—
Sweets which to every soul's endeared,
That giveth virtue birth.

Thy heart's a garden filled with flowers
Of lovely young affection's kind,
And such is mine,—then surely our's
Should in the tenderest bonds be joined;
Give me thy hand, sweet girl, and I
Will yield to thee my heart;

And, till our spirits hence shall fly,
From neither will we part!

Nor then;—for spirits firmly joined
As our's shall be, my fair,
Are not for other realms designed
Till both dissolve to air!
Together thro' the clouds they rove
To realms of brighter bliss;
And, sharing joys in *worlds* above,
Forget the woes of this. J. O. P.

THE SMILE OF LOVE.

How chaste is the moonbeam that rides on the
billow;
How mild is the breeze that now dimples the
wave,
And sighs thro' the leaves of the pendulous
willow,
That bends o'er the moss-tinctur'd tomb of
the brave.
How sacred the tear on the moist cheek of
beauty,
That flows from a heart touch'd by feeling
and love,—
The balm of affection, the tribute of duty,
The incense that falls on the altars above.
But sweeter by far is the tender emotion,
That wakes the fond smile on the cheek of
the fair;
'Tis bright as the moonbeam that plays on the
ocean,
And soft as the zephyrs that sport in the air.
The tear-drop that flows from emotion or sor-
row,
And trembles with light like the beam on
the wave,
Dissolved in a smile a new lustre shall borrow,
And heal by its sweetness the wound that it
gave. E. G. B.

THE PLAINT OF A PRISONER.

Ah, little deem'd I, in those peaceful days,
When naught occur'd Fear's phantom shapes
to raise;
When all was love and trusting happiness,
And hope still came, and only came to bless;
When life itself was one long hour of peace,
And purest pleasures that seem'd ne'er to cease;
Ah, little deem'd I then that there must come
An hour when every joy would cease to bloom!
Ah, little deem'd I that a time would be
Devoted thus to hopeless misery!
Oh, when stern trials, strong temptations came
To herald me the way to sin and shame,—
Could I have seen in their o'erwhelming force
The pangs of *guilt exposed*—and its remorse,
Still had I trod in Honour's even way,
Nor known the will, or felt the wish to stray;
But 'twas too much to check one fond desire,
Or bid one visionary bliss retire,
Or freeze a *present* joy with cold constraint,
Because of *future* pains that Fear might paint
I had been happier had I been content,
Coldly secure, and safely provident;
Ne'er felt the rash, tho' kindly, wish to ease
The pangs of poverty and keen disease;
Ne'er stretch'd the open hand to succour Want,
And sigh'd that hand no richer boon could
grant;
'*Been happier!*' said I?—No: it soothes me
now
To think that once I wept another's woe,—
To know, for agonies the most severe,
I can advance one claim to Pity's tear.

'Tis now my bitter doom, in felon cells,
Where harden'd guilt and trembling anguish
dwells,
To seek by worthless arts to while away
The languid, lingering, and weary day;
And thro' the night's long freezing dreary time
Yield to dark thoughts or dream of darker
crime!
Time tortures, tortures try me,—each new mi-
nute
Has fresher misery, deeper anguish in it—
Reproach assails me—friends desert—and I
Have no resource—save to despair and die!

There laughs the reckless criminal, to whom
A gaol is but a customary doom,—
Who values freedom only as it gives
The power to use the arts thro' which he lives;
And here the penitent, with strain'd eye and
dim,
Sits pale and lonely—place unfit for him!
How may he dare to hope?—where can he see
The helping hand, the look of sympathy?—
Here must the wretched—the half-guilty cease
To hope for pardon or to seek for peace:
And here must I sigh forth a sad farewell
To the dear home in which I loved to dwell—
To each false friend whom yet I love with
truth,
And to each firmer co-mate of my youth;—
To those who, when dishonour, danger came,
Tho' the world might reproach and prudence
blame—
Stretch'd the kind hand, and were in heart the
same!—
Here, 'fall'n too low to fear a further fall,'
Upon forgetfulness or death I call,
And bid adieu to hope, to life, to all!
J. W. DALBY.

Fine Arts.

DRAWINGS IN SOHO SQUARE.

IF a lover of the Fine Arts wished to
trace the progress of drawing and of
water colour painting, from the earliest
period of their history to the present
time, we would refer him to this exhi-
bition; where he will find them from
the rude but natural sketches of the
fifteenth century, to the finest produc-
tions of our own times. Among the
old masters, he will find a landscape,
the Holy Family, &c. by Albert
Durer, one of the earliest masters, and
to whom the art of engraving is so
largely indebted. This artist, well
skilled in the principles of design,
whose composition was generally pleas-
ing, and whose drawing was good,
knew little of the management of light,
and his sketches were often deficient
in grace; but when we consider the
age in which he lived, and the awkward
antitypes which his country and edu-
cation afforded, we must allow him to
have possessed an extensive genius.

Of three other artists of the fifteenth
century there are also specimens; these
are Pietro Perugino, Giorgione, and
Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, by whom
there is a most delightful study, a dead

Christ,—one which may be contem-
plated with delight, among the splendid
productions of ancient art by which it
is surrounded.

Of the sixteenth century, we have
here many delightful specimens by
Zuccero, Domenichino, the two Ca-
raccis, Raphael, Parmigiano, Rubens,
P. Brill, P. Koeck, Paul Veronese,
Tintoretto, Coreggio, Albano, and
Guerchino. The seventeenth century
also presents its list of what, the poet
laureate would call the 'Elder Wor-
thies,' including Rembrandt, by whom
there is an exquisite landscape and
mill; an old man's head,—a study full
of character, and other sketches; of
Vandeveldt, a shipping sketch, in
which he was unrivalled; a view near
a river by Hollar; a landscape and the
cascade of Tivoli, by Claude Lorrain;
several sketches by Vandyke; one by
Le Seur, St. Paul causing the books
of the heathens to be burnt; the sketch
of a portrait by Sir Peter Lely; a land-
scape, pen and ink drawing by Hob-
bima; with others by Mompert, Die-
penbeck, Mignard, Mola, Erasmus
Quellinus, &c. &c. A frame con-
taining two charming sketches by
Rembrandt, we find is for sale, though
we should think it will not long remain
so: the subjects are Moses and the
Burning Bush, and Hercules destroy-
ing the Nemean Lion. These sketches
are remarkable for their truth and
simplicity, which indeed characterize
all the productions of this great mas-
ter, of whom it has been said, that he
would have invented painting, if he
had not found it already discovered.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday a new
comic opera, in three acts, was pro-
duced at this theatre, entitled *The Ve-*
terans, or the Farmer's Sons. The
plot is as follows:—

The Veteran, General Van (Munden)
a retired officer is residing in the country
with his two daughters Rosa (Miss Forde)
and Isabella (Madame Vestris). His re-
tirement is further enlivened by the friend-
ship (for so the dramatist makes it) of Ser-
jeant Rory O'Whack (Fitzwilliam), who
talks much about loyalty and "poorould
Ireland;" Miss Rosa Van, has a lover in
the person of a Captain George (Mr.
Harley), who contrives to lose his pocket
book in order that he might reward the
needy finder of it with a bank note; the
Captain's passion for Rosa lives only on
the lips of the lady for the first two acts;
the suit being carried on entirely by letter,
at least we suppose so. Isabella, a sceptic
in love, ridicules her sister's passion and

makes many protestations of her own contempt for lordly man. Rosa in revenge determines on a very dangerous experiment to make her sister acknowledge Love's all conquering power, and prevails on her Captain lover to storm the heart of Isabella under the disguise of an *Exquisite* of the first order; the sceptic in love is half subdued, when in order to interest her the more a supposed duel is conjured up in which her pretended lover is engaged—she confesses that her heart has been touched, when it is instantly revealed to her that the conquest has been achieved by the man whom she ridiculed her sister for admitting as a suitor: cupid's dart has however wounded the young lady very slightly, for she soon becomes reconciled to resign her faithless swain to her sister. There is an under plot in which a farmer Franklin (Powell) is rendered poor in order to afford General Van an opportunity of being generous; and that Jonas (Mr. Knight) might enlist for a soldier to relieve his father, and to procure his discharge through the medium of his brother, which Captain George ultimately turns out to be. But Jonas has a mistress forsooth—her name we confess we know not, but her representative was Miss Povey.

This opera is by Mr. Knight; indeed, it bears evident marks of being the patch-work of an actor, who has ransacked his recollection for scenes, incidents, situations, and expressions; which we could trace from the *Cure for the Heart Ache* to the *Coronation of George the Fourth*, and the *All at Coventry* of Mr. Moncrieff. The only originality was in its ultra-loyalty and sentiment; the former exaggerated, the latter bad and out of place. The music, however, was pretty: a duet by Munden and Fitzwilliam, to the old air of 'Granby the brave,' was pleasing and pathetic, particularly the chorus—

'For the heart beats the muffled drum
When such a hero dies.'

Miss Forde made her first appearance on this stage in the character of Rosa. She possesses a good figure, an intelligent countenance, and, for a girl of seventeen, a good deal of becoming confidence. Her compass of voice is very considerable, and yet possesses much sweetness. She was encored in two of her songs; but one of the most striking effects she produced was an echo, or sudden transition from a very loud to an extremely soft passage. As an actress, she is pleasing and graceful, and gives promise of becoming a great favourite—Madame Vestris sung and acted delightfully. Munden, Harley, Fitzwilliam, and Miss Povey, exerted themselves to the utmost, which was as creditable both to their friendship for their deserving brother actor,

Knight, as it was to him to merit it. The music, which is composed by Messrs. T. Cooke, Whittaker, Parry, Rook, and Knight, (who thus combines the three offices of author, actor, and composer,) is pleasing. The drama was received with great applause, and has been repeated with success.

COVENT GARDEN.—*The Oratorios.* A new oratorio, written by Mr. Charles Dibdin, and composed by M. Bochsa, was performed for the first time at this theatre on Friday night. It is entitled the *Deluge*, and is founded on the incidents recorded in the scriptures of that awful event. The subject is certainly a grand one, and it would have been worthy of a Handel, to represent by music the falling of the torrents of rain, when the flood gates of heaven were opened, the rushing of mighty waters, and the confusion of mankind until the whole creation was overwhelmed in one common destruction. In these, however, M. Bochsa failed. In the second act, which treated of the regeneration of the world after the waters had subsided and the prediction of the Messiah, he was more successful. This was a theme which would add wings to any imagination, and no doubt aided that of M. Bochsa as this part of his composition was grand and impressive. The chorusses were excellent and powerfully supported.

The third act of the oratorio was miscellaneous, and consisted of several popular airs and duets, by the principal vocalists, male and female, that the metropolis boasts.

The oratorio on Wednesday night was Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, in which the solos, duets, &c. were admirably executed, and the choruses were remarkably grand and impressive. The miscellaneous act was well selected, and the whole performance appeared to give great satisfaction to an elegant and crowded audience.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The managers of this popular little theatre have this season introduced, for the first time, a Lent performance of music, of which we are happy in being able to speak favorably. The instrumental department is full and effective, and the vocal performers all acquit themselves respectably. The selection of music was very judiciously made, both as regards the powers of the vocalists and the taste of the audience, and the performances altogether went off with much eclat.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Bartley has resumed his astronomical

lectures, which were so interesting and instructive last year. Of all the exhibitions of this sort, Mr. Bartley's is, we think, the best; he describes in a plain, concise, and intelligible manner all that is known respecting the heavenly bodies, including the most recent discoveries. The machinery by which these subjects are illustrated, is of the most magnificent description; and we feel no hesitation in recommending Mr. Bartley's lecture as one of the most rational and intellectual treats of the present season.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND.

On Wednesday, the seventh anniversary of this excellent institution was celebrated at the Freemason's Tavern, where a good dinner, good wine, and, what is still more rare at a public meeting, good speeches were happily combined. The chair was taken by His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the President. Behind the chair a piece of purple drapery was fixed, with the following inscription in letters of gold:—

'The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund—the King, Patron; President, the Duke of York. "He has a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity."'

After the usual toasts had been drank with the usual honours, the Earl of Blessington proposed the health of the chairman.

The Duke of York returned thanks, and said he felt much pleasure in finding that the growing patronage of the fund confirmed his first opinion as to its utility, and that the more the institution was known, the more it would be found entitled to public support.

Mr. Fawcett, in an able and eloquent speech, stated the circumstances of the institution; he humorously considered himself as Chancellor of the Exchequer to the fund, and, therefore, he would open his budget with due solemnity:—

"Viewing," said he, "as I do with parental eyes this offspring, which has been bequeathed to our charge by departed brethren; feeling as I do the conviction that if, by our fostering care and your kind support, we can rear this tender child of promise to healthful maturity it will in time become the shield and protector of a race of unfortunate actors and actresses, whose weakness requires support, and whose misery demands relief. I cannot but confess that I watch its progress with painful anxiety, for I feel its present weakness, and should glory in seeing it placed on a foundation more secure from danger. In the course of last year we have had many applications from individuals whose

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distresses excited our pity, but whose claims on the fund, (limited as it is) not being sufficiently established, we were reluctantly compelled to reject. To a charitable institution the power of affording a temporary but immediate relief, is, of all things, the most useful and the most desirable; and of all God's creatures, the humble actor, when afflicted by the chastening hand of Omnipotence, is the most miserable, the most helpless, and the most pitiable; he when stricken is indeed

— Like the poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim has ta'en a hurt;
Anon the careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jump along by him,
And never stay to greet him."

I know not of any human being so forlorn as the itinerant actor, without friends, with a scanty and uncertain subsistence, when prostrate by sickness. The vulgar prejudice against his calling which still clings to the less informed portion of society, deprives him of that sympathy which the distresses of the mechanic or common labourer excite. With an education which in early life may have given him a taste for good society, he finds himself in the hour of poverty surrounded by those who possess no kindred feeling with him; and unless, indeed, a wife and children (whose misery must double every pang he feels,) surround his bed,

"Alone unknown the drama's hero dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnotic'd lies."

'I am aware, gentlemen,' continued Mr. F. 'that it may be asked what have we—of the metropolis—we His Majesty's servants to do with these illegitimate children of Thespis! We are, gentlemen, intimately connected with them. There are many performers of both sexes who, during a short engagement in the London Theatres, pay to this fund and then become claimants; and being unfortunate in their profession in town, they too often become still more unfortunate in their itinerary. By these we are perpetually importuned. To those who have not seen it, it would be difficult to paint the horrors of the sick bed of an itinerant actor, when left in some town or village by the company of performers to which he has been attached; nor, had I the power of exhibiting the heart-rending picture before you, would I wound the feelings of this assembly by presenting it.'

Mr. Fawcett then adverted to the exertions of his coadjutors, and urged the meeting to increased efforts, not only to support the institution in its present situation, but to place it beyond the reach of danger. The good already done, and the hope of being still more eminently useful, ought to stimulate them; indeed, he knew it had that effect. 'We have,' said he, 'this year, been enabled to support twenty-two families of distressed actors, who, but for this fund, would have been destitute. If we had possessed the means of relieving, by temporary

aid, some others who have applied, we should have been still more gratified; but should this assembly not add one shilling to what it has in former years bestowed, we shall still acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude we owe, and endeavour, by our unwearied attention to the comforts of our veterans and the relief of our less fortunate brethren, to evince that we are not unmindful of your kind, your generous attentions towards us.'

Mr. Fawcett then stated that the subscriptions of the day amounted to 1200l.

'Prosperity to the Theatrical Fund of Drury Lane Theatre,' was drank with three times three.

Mr. G. Robins returned thanks for the manner in which the last toast had been drank. He considered the funds of the two theatres to be not rival, but sister funds. He had the pleasure to state, that his Royal Highness had consented to take the chair at the Drury Lane Anniversary in the course of the next three weeks, when he hoped he would be met by most of the present company.

The Duke of York left the chair at twenty minutes after eleven.

The Earl of Blessington then took the chair, and kept the company together till midnight. A variety of comic and other songs and glees were sung, in the course of the evening, by Messrs. Emery, Mathews, T. Cooke, and the rest of the vocal gentlemen present; and Miss Hallande much delighted the company by a charming echo song she sung from the ladies' gallery.

Literature and Science.

'The Provost' by the author of the 'Annals of the Parish' and 'Sir Andrew Wylie' is, we understand, in the press.—This work is said to be intended as a companion to 'the Annals,' and relates to the affairs of a Royal Borough in the West of Scotland during the greater part of the late reigns.

Lord Dillon, author of 'Commentaries on the Military Establishments and Defence of the British Empire,' &c., has, during his residence at Florence, composed a work under the title of 'The Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers, an English Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century,' which is now in the press.

Sir T. S. Raffles has sent to England several skeletons of animals from Sumatra. Among these is the Dugong: this creature grazes at the bottom of

the sea without legs, and is of the figure and form of the whale; the position and structure of its mouth enables it to browse upon the fuci and submarine algæ like a cow in a meadow, and the whole structure in the masticating and digestive organs shews it to be truly herbivorous. It never visits land or fresh water, but lives in shallow inlets, where the water is two or three fathoms deep. Their usual length is eight or nine feet. But a curious, and, to some perhaps, the most interesting part of the detail of the history of this animal is that the flesh resembles young beef, being very delicate and juicy.

Steam Carriages.—A patent has been recently secured by Mr. Griffith, of Brompton, a gentleman not unknown in the literary world by his *Travels in Asia Minor*, and other works. Mr. G., in connexion with a professor of mechanism on the Continent, has at length solved the long-considered problem of propelling, by steam, carriages *capable of transporting merchandize and also passengers, upon common roads, without the aid of horses.* The actual construction of such a carriage is now proceeding at the manufactory of Messrs. Bramah. The power to be applied in the machine is equal to that of six horses, and the carriage altogether will be twenty-eight feet in length, running upon three-inch wheels, and equal to the conveyance of three tons and a half, with a velocity of from three to seven miles per hour, varied at pleasure. The vast importance, in a political and social sense, of the introduction of such machines on all our great roads, must be evident. The saving in carriage of goods will be fifty per cent., and, for passengers, inside fares will be taken at outside prices. The universal importance of this great triumph of the mechanical arts has led Mr. Griffith to take out patents in Austria and France: one carriage has actually been launched at Vienna, and operates with success. By availing himself of various improvements, in the transfer, regulation, and economy of force, all the usual objections are removed, such as the ascent of hills, securing a supply of fuel and water, &c.; and, in fine, the danger of explosion is prevented, not only by the safety valve, but by the distribution of the steam into tubes, so as to render any possible explosion wholly unimportant. Every carriage will be provided with a director of the forewheels sitting in front, and with a director of the steam apparatus sitting in

the rear, and the body of the vehicle will be situated between the fore-wheels and the machinery.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
'Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

A modern poet was recently listening to a manuscript poem, when the author arrived at the following stanza: 'On him who betray'd thee, whose heart is

grown callous,
Oh, waste not a thought in anger away;
But if feelings will range, let pity, not malice,
When his spirit is fled, o'er his memory stray'

'By the by,' said the listener (G.C.) 'callous and malice' are not very good rhymes; suppose you make a trifling substitution:—

For the caitiff will certainly come to the gal-

lows,
And the ravens will feed on his carrion clay.'

Sharpening Corn.—A customary present of corn which farmers in several parts of England make to their smiths about Christmas, for sharpening their ploughs, harrows, &c.

Soit fait comme il est desire, (let it be done as it is desired)—a form used when the King gives his royal assent to a private bill in Parliament.

Rosary—is a set of beads called fifteen, containing fifteen *Paternosters* and one hundred and fifty *Ave-Marias*.

Le Pere Arrius said, 'When le Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick; but when I preached the following year, I set all to rights; every man minded his own business.'

The following advertisement has appeared in a London paper:—'Wanted the sum of £100 by a young lady just arrived from the country, for which she will give a consideration of too delicate a nature to be particularised in a public press.'

Advertisements.

The Drama.

Just published, price 6d. No. 12 of that elegant and highly popular work,

THE DRAMA; OR, THEATRICAL POCKET MAGAZINE: embellished with a finely engraved likeness (by COOPER), from a painting of MR. YOUNG, in the character of Rolla. By Harlowe.

This Number contains (amongst a variety of original and select Dramatic Articles) a copious review of the performances of Mr. Young and Mrs. W. West, with Biographical Memoirs, and a full account of the performances at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, King's Theatre, Adelphi, Surrey, and Olympic.

No subjects but those of an histrionic tendency are ever admitted into the pages of this publication. The following portraits engraved in the first style by Page, H. R. Cook, and Cooper, have been already given: Mr Kean, Macready, Young, Oxberry, C. Kemble, Cooper, Wilkinson, Grimaldi, Miss Stephens, Miss Hallande, and Mrs. W. West; of the whole of which fine proof impressions, on India paper, may be had.

The extensive patronage which this work has met with since its first establishment, induces us to request new subscribers to be early in their applications for Nos 23 and 24, a few copies of each of which only remain on hand, as they will not be reprinted. A third edition of No. 1 is now ready for delivery.

Published by T. and J. ELVEY, 30, Castle Street, Holborn.

On Sunday, March 10, 1822, will be published, on the largest paper which the Stamp Acts allow, No. 1, PRICE SEVENPENCE, of **THE THISTLE, a New Weekly Newspaper.**

'Emblem of modest valour; unprovok'd,
That harmeth not,—provok'd, that will not bear
Wrong unreveng'd.'—Hamilton of Bangour.

Orders and Advertisements for **THE THISTLE** received at the Office of the Paper, No. 8, Newcastle Street, Strand, and by all Newsmen.

Browne's Classical Dictionary.

This day was published, in 12mo. price 8s. bound, the Fifth Edition, with numerous Additions and Improvements, of

A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY, for the Use of Schools; containing, under its different Heads, every thing illustrative and explanatory of the Mythology, History, Geography, Manners, Customs, &c. occurring in the Greek and Roman authors, generally read in all Public Seminaries, and intended as a medium between the scanty and defective description of Proper Names subjoined to Latin Dictionaries, and a more voluminous Work of the same kind.

By THOMAS BROWNE, LL. D.

Author of 'The Union Dictionary,' &c. &c.

Printed for HARRIS and SON; Longman and Co.; Lackington and Co.; E. Williams; J. Mawman; Baldwin and Co.; G. and W. B. Whittaker; Sherwood and Co.; Harvey and Darton; and E. Edwards.

New Voyages and Travels.

MODERN and RECENT VOYAGES and TRAVELS. On the 1st of March appeared the Thirty-sixth Number of the **JOURNAL of NEW VOYAGES and TRAVELS;** containing a Narrative of the Shipwreck of the *SOPHIA*, on the *WESTERN COAST of AFRICA*, with many interesting Engravings; at 3s. 6d. sewed, and 4s. boards.

The previous Thirty-five Numbers contain, each, one or more Works complete, and may be had, together or separate, at the same price, of all Booksellers; or the Thirty-six Numbers, comprising 6 vols., may be had, in elegant half binding, at 21s. each.

The Contents of the several Numbers cannot fail to recommend the Work to general adoption:—

- No. 1.—Contains FISHER'S Voyage to the Arctic Regions.
2. PRIOR'S Voyage to the Indian Seas.
3. DUPIN'S Public Establishments of Great Britain.
4. CHATEAUVIEUX'S Travels in Italy.

5. FORBIN'S Travels in Greece and the Holy Land.

6. Analyses of Seven New English Works.

7. COUNT DE FORBIN'S Travels in Egypt.

8. M'KEEVOR'S Voyage to Hudson's Bay, and FREMINVILLE'S Voyage to the North Pole.

9. DUMONT'S Narrative of Thirty-four Years' Slavery in Africa. PORTENGER'S Shipwreck and Adventures; and BURKHARDT'S Travels in Egypt and Nubia.

10. PRIOR'S Voyage to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

11. CORDOVA'S Voyage to the Strait of Magellan.

12. WALLER'S Voyage to the West Indies.

13. SANSOM'S Travels in Canada, and CONNELIUS'S in Virginia.

14. MOLLIER'S Travels in Africa.

15. PRINCE MAXIMILIAN'S Travels in the Brazils.

16. GRAHAM'S Travels through Portugal and Spain, and BOWRING'S Journey through the Peninsula in 1819.

17. CASTELLAN'S Travels in Italy.

18. BRACKENRIDGE'S Voyage to Buenos Ayres.

19. PERTUSIER'S Promenades in and round Constantinople.

20. GOURBILLON'S Travels in Sicily and Mount Etna, in 1819.

21. SOMMIERE'S Travels in Montenegro.

22. POUQUEVILLE'S TRAVELS in the NORTH of GREECE.

23. SCHOOLCRAFT'S TOUR in MISSOURI, and REY'S VOYAGE to COCHIN-CHINA.

24. KELSALL'S Classical Tour from Rome to Arpino.

25. BARON VON HALLBERG'S Journey through the North of Europe, a Visit to Madras, and Letters from Africa.

26. FRIEDLANDER'S TRAVEL through ITALY, with Engravings.

27. MONTULE'S TRAVELS in EGYPT, with 12 Engravings.

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29. HAUFNER'S Travels through the Island of Ceylon, with plates.

30. MONTULE'S Voyages to North America and West Indies.

31. KOTZEBUE'S Voyage round the World. Part I.

32. KOTZEBUE'S Voyage round the World. Part II. with 20 Engravings.

33. SAUSSURE'S Travels in Scotland.

34. LETTERS from Switzerland and France, with Plates.

35. A PEDESTRIAN TOUR in CHINA.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Communications of Sam Spritsail, Mr. Fleming, X., and Dramaticus, shall have early insertion.

Messrs. Prior, Jackson, Worgan, Wildernes, and E. G. B. will find letters for them at our office on Monday.

Damon's Sonnet, the Earthwareman, and the Anacreontic, &c. of A. R. P. are inadmissible.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 72, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.